

15
THE
TRIPE CLUB.

A
SATYR.

DEDICATED.

To All Those who are True Friends to Her
Present MAJESTY, and Her GOVERNMENT.
To the Church of England, and the Succession,
as by LAW Established: And who Grate-
fully Acknowledge the PRESERVATION, of
their Religion, Rights, and Liberties, Due to
the Late King WILLIAM Of Ever-Glorious
and Immortal Memory.

Difficile est Satyram non Scribere.

By the AUTHOR of the Tale of a Tub.

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TRIBE CLUB.



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By the Author of 'The Tale of a Tub'

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THE
TRIPE CLUB.
A
SATYR.

HOW this *Fantastick World* is chang'd of late,
Sure some *Full-Moon* has work'd upon the *State*;
Time was, when it was question'd much in Story,
Which was the Worst, the *Devil*, or a *Tory*?
But now. Alas! *those* happy *Times* are o'er,
The Rampant *Things*, are Couchant now no more,
But Trump-up *Tories*, who were *Whigs* before. }

There was a time, when fair *Hibernia* lay
Dissolv'd in Ease, and with a gentle Sway,
Enjoy'd the Blessings of a *Halcion* Day. }

B

Pleas'd

Pleas'd with the *Bliss* their Friendly *Union* made
 Beneath Her bending *Fig-tree's Peaceful Shade*,
 Careless and Free, Her Happy *SONS* were laid.
 No Feuds, no Groundless Jealousies appear,
 To rouse their Rage, or wake them into Fear;
 With *pitty* They beheld *Brittania's State*,
Tost by the *Tempest* of a Stormy Fate;
 Wild *Frensy* thro' her blasted Borders past,
 Whilst Noisy *Faction* drove the furious Blast;
 Calm and Serene, We heard the *Tempest* roar,
 And Fearless view'd the Danger from the Shore.

Thus Blest, We slumbered in a Downy Trance,
 Happy, like *Eden*, in mild Ignorance;
 'Till *DISCORD* like the Wiley Serpent found
 Th' Unguarded Path, to the *Forbidden Ground*;
 Shew'd Us the Tree, the Tempting Tree, which stood
 The fairest, but most Fatal of the Wood;
 And where (Depending from the Golden Bough)
 The Glittering Fruit look'd smiling to the View:
Taste, and be Wise, the sly Provoker say'd,
And see the Plat-form of Your Ruin lay'd;
 Rouse from the Dulness ye too long have shewn,
 And view your *CHURCHES Danger*, and your *Own*:
 Thus at *Superior Witt*, We catch'd in haste,
 Which *MOCK'D* th' Approach of Our *Deluded Taste*.
 And, Now-----
Imaginary Schemes We seem to spy,
 And Search for *Dangers* with a *curious Eye*;
 From *Thought* to *Thought* We roul, and rack Our *Sense*,
 To *Obviate Mischefs* in the *Future Tense*: Strange

Strange *Plots* in *Embrio*, from the Lords we fear,
 And Dream of *Mighty Ills*, The Lord knows where ;
 Wretchedly Wife, we curse our present Store,
 But bless the *Witlefs Age*, We knew before.

* Near that Fam'd Place, where slender *Wights* Resort,
 And gay *Pulvilio*, keeps his Scented Court ;
 Where *Exil'd Witt*, ne'er shews its hated Face,
 But hapier *Nonsense*, fills the Thoughtless Place :
 Where *Sucking Beaux*, Our future *Hopes* are bred,
 The *Sharping Gamester*, and the *Bully Red*,
 Oe'er-stock'd with Fame, but Indigent of Bread.

* There stands a Modern Dome, of vast Renown,
 For a Plump Cook, and Plumper Reck'nings known ;
 Rais'd high, the Fair-inviting Bird ye see,
 In all his Milky Plumes, and Feather'd Letchery ;
 In whose Soft Down, Immortal *Jove* was Drest,
 When the fair *Nymph*, the *Wiley God* posselt ;
 Still in which Shape, he stands to Mortal View,
 Patron of *Whoring*, and of *Toping* too.
 Here gravely meet the worthy *Sons* of *Zeal*,
 To wet their pious Clay, and decently to Rail ;
 Immortal Courage from the Claret Springs,
 To censure Heroes, and the Acts of Kings :
 Young *Doctors* of the *Gown*, here shrewdly show,
 How *Grace-Divine* can Ebb, and *Spleen* can Flow ;
 The Pious *Red-coat*, most devoutly Swears,
 Drinks to the *Church*, but Ticks on his *Arrears* ;

* *Lucas's Coffee-House.*

* *The Swan Tavern.*

The

The gentle *Beau* too, Joyns in wise Debate,
Adjusts his Cravat, and *Reforms* the State;
 As when the *Sun*, on a returning Flood,
 Warms into *Life*, the Animated Mud;
 Strange wondrous Insects on the Shoar remain,
 And a new Race of *Vermin* fills the Plain;
 So from the *Excrement* of *Zeal* we find,
 A slimy Race, but of the Modish kind;
 Crawl from the Filth, and kindled into Man,
 Make up the *Members* of the *Sage Divan*.

Of these the Fam'd *Borachio* is the Chief,
 A Son of *Pudding*, and eternal *Beef*;
 The *Jovial* God with all-inspiring *Grace*,
Sits on the Scarlet Honours of his *Face*;
 His happy Face, from *Rigid Wisdom* free,
 Securely Smiles in Thoughtless Majesty,
 His own *Tith Geese*, not half so Plump as He.
 Wild Notions flow from his *Immoderate Head*,
 And *Statutes* quoted, --- *Moderately Read*;
 Whole floods of *Words*, his *Moderate Witt* reveal,
 Yet the Good Man's *Immoderate* in---*Zeal*.
 How can his *Fluent Tongue* and *Thought* keep Touch,
 Who thinks too little, but who Talks too much;
 VVhen *Peaceful Tarrs* with *Gallick Navies* meet,
 And loose their *Honour*, to preserve their Fleet;
 This wondrous Man *alone*, shall conquest boast,
 And VVin the *Battles*, which the *Heroes* lost,
 VVhen just Esteem he would of *William* raise,
 He Damns the *Glories*, which he means to Praise;

The

The poor *Encomium*, so thinly spread,
Lampoons the Injur'd Ashes of the Dead ;
 Tho' for the *Orator*, 'tis say'd withal,
 He meant to praise him, if he meant at all.

Egregious *Magpye*, charms the list'ning throng,
 Whilst in-offensive *Satyr* tips his Tongue ;
 Grey *Polliticks* adorn the Beardless *Chit*,
 Of foreign Manners, but of Native *Wit* ;
 Scarce wain'd from *Diddy*, of his *Alma Mater* ;
 The cocking *Thing* steps forth the Churches *Erra Pater* ;
 High flying Thoughts, his Moderate Size supply,
 And wing the Tow'ring *Puppet* to the Sky ;
 On brazen Wings, beat out from Native stock,
 He mounts, and Rides upon the Weather-cock ;
 From whence the dull *Hibernian* Isle he Views,
 The dull *Hibernian* Isle he sees, and Spews ;
 He mourns the Tallent of his Wisdom lost,
 On such a Dry Inhospitable Coast ;
 Thus Daws, when Percht upon a Steeples top,
 With *Oxford* Strut, and *Pride* superiour Hop ;
 And whilst on *Earth*, they Haughty glances throw,
 Take humble *Curats* but for Daws below.

Firedrake, a *Senator* of awkward Grace,
 But fam'd for Matchless *Modesty*, and *Face* ;
 With *Christian Clamour*, fills the Defned Room,
 And Prophecies of wondrous *Ills* to come ;
 Heav'n in a Hurry, seems t'have form'd his Paste,
 Fill'd up his *Spleen*, but left the Head-piece waste,
 He Thinks, He Argues, nay, he Prays in haste.

C.

When

When in soild Sheets the dirty *Wight* is spread,
 And High-flown *Schemes* for Curtains grace the Bed;
 Wild Freakish *Fancy*, with her airy Train,
 Whirles thro' the Empty *Region* of his Brain;
 Shews him the *Church*, just Tottering on his Head,
 And all her mangled *Sons*, around her spread;
 Paints out himself, of all his Hopes beguill'd,
 And his Domestick *Sycorax* defil'd:
 Then kindling at the *Sight*, he flies about,
 And puts *Dissenting Squadrons* to the rout,
 Brim full of *Wrath*, he plunges into Strife,
 And thumps the *Passive Carcase* of his Wife;
 He Routs the flying *Foe*, he Scours the Plain,
 And boldly fights, the Visionary Scene.

4

The *Appollo* of the Cause, old *Grimberd* stands,
 And all th' inferiour *Frye* of *Writ* Commands;
 Nurst up in Faction, and a Foe to Peace,
 He robs his Bones of *Necessary Ease*;
 Drunk with *Inveterate Spleen*, he scorns his Age,
 And Natures lowest Ebb supplies with sprightly Rage;
 Cold driv'ling Time has all his *Nerves* Unstrung,
 But left untouch'd his Letchery of *Tongue*;
 His Letchery of *Tongue*, which still remains,
 And adds a Friendly aid to want of *Brains*;
 He blames the *Dulness* of his Parties Sloth,
 And chides the Fears of their unactive Youth;
 Tells them the time, the Happy time is come,
 When *Moderation*, shall behold its Doom;
 When *Sniv'ling Mercy* shall no more Beguile,
 But *Christian Force*, and *Pious Rage* shall smile; Warns

Warns them against those Dangers to provide,
 Those *Dangers* which his Spectacles have spy'd,
 Dark and Unknown to all the World beside.
Hail, Venerable Man, design'd by Fate,
 The saving *Genius* of a *Sinking State*;
 Lo, prostrate at thy Feet, we trembling Fall,
 Thou great *Twin-Idol* of the *Thundring Baul*,
 How shall thy *Votaries* thy *Wrath* assuage,
 Unbend thy Frowns, and Deplicate thy Rage?
 Millions of *Victims*, shall thy *Altars* Soil,
Heroes shall Bleed---and *Treasurers* shall Broil;
 Th' immortal *Worth*, shall in our lays be Sung,
 O bend thy *Stubborn Rage*, and sheath thy *Dreadful Tongue*.

Nut-brain, a Daggie-Gown of large Renown,
 For weak support to *Needy Clyent* known;
 With Painted Dangers keeps his Mob in aw,
 And shrewdly construes *Faction* into Law;
 When *Albion's Senate*, wav'd its Fatal Wand,
 And with their Hungry *Locusts* Curst the Land;
 Our Fruitful *Egypt*, with the Load Opprest,
 Beheld, with Grief, its Happy Fields laid waste;
 With watry Eyes, and with a *Mother's Pain*,
 She heard the Nation Groan, but heard in Vain;
 'Till gorg'd with Prey, They took the favourite wind,
 And left this stragling *Vermine* here behind:
 Too well he lik'd our *Fruitful Egypt's Plain*,
 To trot to hungry *Westminster* again.

Say, *Blind, Hibernia*, for what *Charms Unkown*,
 I Adopt a Man, whom You should Blush to own! Beg-

*Beggard, and Spoild of all your Wealthy Store,
 Yet hug the Viper, whom ye Curst before.
 Is this the Pious Champion of Your Cause,
 Who Robs your Off-spring, to Protect your Laws;
 Slily Distills his Venome to the Root,
 And blasts the Tree, from whence he plucks the Fruit;
 Who sees your Ruin; which he smiles to see;
 Whose Gain's his Heaven, and whose God's a Fee?*

6 In the First Rank Fam'd Sooterkin is seen,
 Of happy *Visage*, and enchanting *Mein*,
 A Lazy Modish Son of melancholly *Spleen* :
 Whose e'ery *Feature* flourishes in Print,
 And early *Pride* first Taught the *Youth* to *Squint* :
 What *niggard Father* wou'd begrudge his *Brass*,
 When *Travell'd Son* does Home-bred Boy surpass?
 Went out a *Fopling*, and return'd an *Ass*.
 Of *Thought* so *Dark*, that no erroneous *Hit*,
 E'er show'd the *Lucid Beauties* of his *Witt* ;
 When *Scanty Fee* expects a *Healing Pill*,
 With *Careless Tawn* he Nods upon the *Bill*,
 Secure to *hit* ; ---- who never fails to *kill*.
 When *Costive Punk* in *Penitential Case*,
 Sits squeezing out her *Soul* in vile *Grimace*,
 To Ease his *Patient*, he Prescribes ---- his *Face* :
 Well may the *Wretch* a *Providence* disown,
 Who thinks no *Wisdom* brighter than his own ;
 Long-since he left *Religion* in the lurch,
 Who' yet wou'd Raise the *Glories* of the *Church*,
 And Stickles for its *Rites*, who ne'er comes near the *Porch*.
 Immor-

Immortal *Crab* stands firmly to the *Truth*,
 And with Sage *Nod*, commands the list'ning *Youth*;
 In whom rank *Spleen* has all its Vigour shewn,
 And blended all its *Curses* into one;
 O'er-flowing Gall has chang'd the Crimson Flood,
 And turn'd to Vinegar the wretches Blood.
Nightly on bended Knees, the musty *Put*,
 Still-Saints the *Spigot*, and Adores the *Butt*;
 With fervent *Zeal* the flowing Liquor plies,
 But *Damns* the *Moderate* Bottel--for its Size;
 His liquid *Vows* cut Swiftly thro' the Air,
 When glorious Red *bas* whetted him to *Prayer*;
 Thrifty of *Time*, and Frugal of his *Ways*,
 Tippling he Rails, and as he Rails, he Prays.

In the Sage List, *Great Moon-Calf* is enroll'd,
 Fam'd as the *Delphick Oracle* of old;
 Propitious *Dulness*, and a Senseless Joy,
 Shone at his *Birth*, and Blest the hopeful *Boy*;
 Who utters *Wonders* without Sense of Pain,
 And scorns the crabbed *Labour* of the Brain;
 Fleeting, as Air, his Words out-strip the Wind,
 Whilst the *Sage Tardy Meaning* lags behind;
 No Sawcy Fore-sight dares his *Will* controul,
 Or stop th' impetuous Motion of his *Soul*;
 His Soul, which *Struggles* in her dark Abode,
 Crush'd, and o'er-lay'd with the unweildy Load.
Prevailing Dulness did his *Sense* betray,
 And Cramp't his *Reason*, to extend his *Clay*;

D

His

His *Wit* contracted to a Narrow Span,
 A Yard of *Idiot*, to an Inch of *Man*;
 Hail, Mighty *Dunce*, thou largest of thy *Kind*,
 How well thy *Mein* is Suited to thy *Mind*;
 What if the *Lords* and *Commons* can't agree,
 Thou *Dear*, *Dull*, *Happy Thing*, what is't to *Thee*?
 Sit down Contented with thy Present store,
 Heav'n ne'er design'd *Thee*, to be *Wise* and *Poor*;
 Trust to thy *Fate*, whatever Parties *Join*,
 Thy want of *Wit*, obstructs thy want of *Coin*.
 As when Imperial *Rome* beheld her State,
 Grown *Faint*, and struggling with impending *Fate*;
 When barbarous *Nations* on her Ruins trod,
 And no kind *Jove* appear'd her Guardian-God;
 A sacred *Goose* could all her *Fears* Disperse,
 And save the *Mistress* of the *Universe*:
 Of equal *Fame* the great *Example* be,
 Our *Churches Safety* we expect from *Thee*;
 In thee, *Great Man*, the *Saving Brood* remains,
 Of equal *Piety*, and equal *Brains*;
 In this we differ, but in point of *Name*,
 Unlike the *Romans* We, but *Thou* our *Goose*, the same.

And now with Solemn *Grace* the *Council* sat,
 And the third *Flasque* had rais'd a warm *Debate*;
 When *Faction* entering, walk'd the *Giddy-Maze*,
 Sworn *Foe*, and *Noted Enemy to Peace*;
 And taking *Grimberd's* shape, She *Silence* broke,
 And in *Shril Voice* the eager *Fury* spoke.

" Be witness *Heav'n*, how much I am pleas'd to find,
 " Such Gallant *Friends*, and of so brave a *Mind*;
 " Souls fit to Rule the World, and proudly Sit
 " The Noblest SONS, of *Piety* and *Wit*.
 " Uncommon *Vigour* in your Looks I spy,
 " Resolv'd the utmost of your *Force* to try;
 " Bravely to stickle for your Churches *Laws*,
 " And shed a Gen'rous *Influence* on her *Cause*.
 " See how with *Grief* she hangs her *Pensive Head*,
 " Whilst trickling *Tears* upon her Garments *Shed*;
 " Mourn all her *Lustre*, and her *Beauty* fled.
 " In Hair Dis-shevell'd, and with Bosom bare,
 " With Melancholly sounds She fills the Air;
 " Wou'd Ye, my *Friends*, the weighty Business know,
 " And learn the *Cruel Reason* of her *Woe*;
 " The *Cause* she has to *Grieve* the World believes,
 " Is this---*Hem---Hem---* Why, 'tis enough *She Grieves*;
 " What *Sons* from *Tears* their Flinty *Souls* can keep,
 " And with dry *Eyes* behold their *Mother* weep?
 " Ah, stop the Deluge of her Wat'ry store.
 " And let her Taste those *Jays* she felt before.

" When *William*, (*Curse upon that hated Name*,)
 " For ever Blotted, and unknown to *Fame*.
 " When *William* in Imperial Glory shone,
 " And to our Grief Possess'd *Brittania's Throne*;
 " Mark with what *Malice* he our *Church* Debas'd,
 " Her *Sons* Neglected, and her *Rites* Defac'd;
 " To Canting *Zeal* Design'd her *Form* a *Slave*,
 " And me'nt to *Ruin*, what he came to *Save* :

What

" What tho' the World he fill'd with his Allarms,
 " And fainting *Gallia* Trembled at his *Arms*;
 " Yet still the *Douty Hero* did no more
 " Than *Julius* once, and *Ammon* did before.
 " Is this the *Idol* of the *Peoples Love*?
 " The poor *Mock-Puppet* of a *Ruling Jove* :
 " *Sorrel*, we owe his *hasty Fate* to thee,
 " Thou *Lucky Horse*; Oh, may thy *memory* be
 " *Flagrant to All*, as it is *Sweet to Me*.
 " Too far! I fear, the *Vile Infection's* spread,
 " Since *ANNA* Courts the *PARTY*, which he Led,
 " And *Treads* the *Hated Foot-steps* of the *Dead* :
 " If so, What *now* can we expect to *hear*,
 " But the *black Event*, of those *Ills* we fear ;
 " Your *Fat Endowments* shall be tor'n away,
 " And to *Geneva Zeal*, become an easy *Prey*;
 " Cold *Element* shall give your *Guts* the *Gripes*,
 " And, ah! no more ye shall *Indulge* in *Tripes*;
 " No *Sunday-pudding* shall Adorn the *Board*,
 " Or Burn the *Chops* of its too *eager Lord*;
 " No gentle *Abigail* shall *Cawdels* Make,
 " Nor Cook the *Jellys* for the *Chaplain's Back*;
 " Long-winded *Scismaticks* shall rule the *Roast*,
 " And Father *Christmas* Mourn his *Revels Lost*.
 " Rouze then, my *Friends*, and All your *Forces* Join,
 " And act with *Vigour* in our *Great Design*;
 " What tho' our *Danger* is not *really great*,
 " 'Tis *brave* t'Oppose a *Government* we hate;
 " *Poison* the *Nation* with your *Jealouse Fears*,
 " And set the *Fools together* by the *Ears*;

VVhilst

" Whilst with *malicious Joy* we calmly Sit,
 " And *smile* to see the *Triumphs* of our *Wit* ;
 " Sound well the *College*, and with *Nicest Skill*,
 " *Inflame* the *Beardless Boys*, and bend *them* to your *Will*;
 " What tho' *Unmov'd* her *learned Sons* have *Stood*,
 " Nor *Sacrific'd* to *Spleen* their *Country's Good* ;
 " Yet *search* the *Tree*, and sure there may be *found*,
 " Some *Branches* tainted, tho' the *Trunk* is *sound* ,
 " Shew them the *Lure*, which *never* fails to *Hit*,
 " *Approve* their *Briskness*, and *Admire* theit *Wit* ;
 " *Youth* against *Flattery* has no *Defence*,
 " *Fools* still are *Cheated* with the *Bait* of *Sense* ;
 " *Glean* e'en the *Schools* from *Letchery* and *Birch*,
 " And *teach* the *Townsters* to *defend* the *Church* ;
 " 'Tis *Fools* we *want*, and of the *Largest* size,
 " Twou'd spoil our *Cause* to practise on the *Wise* ;
 " The *Wise* are *Eagles* of the sharpest *Kenn*,
 " And calmly *Weigh* the *Merits*, and the *Men* ;
 " *Pierce* thro' the *Cobweb-vail* of *Erring Sense*,
 " And know the *Truth* of *Zeal*, from the *Pretence* ;
 " Whilst *Fools*, like *Game-cocks*, are the *slaves* of *shew*,
 " And never ask a *Cause*, but fly upon the *Foe* ;
 " *Chance* only *guides* them wand'ring in the *Night*,
 " When in an *Age* they *stumble* on the *Right* ;
 " God never gave a *Fool* the *Gift* of *Sight*.

He say'd--*With Joy* the *pleas'd Assembly* rose.
Well mov'd, they *cry'd*, and *murmur'd* their *Applause* ;
 When, lo, before the *Board*, *Confest* in *Sight*,
 Stept forth a *Heavenly Guest* *Serenely Bright* ;

D

No

No mortal *Beauty* could with *Hers* compare,
 Or *Poets* Fancy Form a *Maid* so fair ;
 Around her *Head* Immortal *Glories* shine,
 And her *Mild Air* confest the *Nymph* Divine.
 Whilst thus *She* spake-----

" Ask not my frightened *Sons* from whence I came;
 " But mark me *Well*, *RELIGION* is my *Name* ;
 " An *Angel* once, but now a *Fury* grown,
 " Too often talk'd of, but too little *Known* ;
 " Is it for *Me*, my *Sons*, that Ye *Engage*,
 " And *Spend* the *Fury* of your *Idle Rage* ;
 " 'Tis false ; *Unmanly Spleen* your *Bosoms* *Warms*,
 " And a pretended *Zeal* your *Fancy* *Charms*.
 " Where have I *Taught* ye in the sacred *Page*,
 " To construe *Moderation* into *Rage* ;
 " T'affront the *Pow'r* from whence your *Safety* *Springs*,
 " And *Poorly* blast the *Memory* of *Kings* ;
 " Branded with *Infamy* ye shun the *Light*,
 " But Court, like *Birds* obscene, the *Covert* of the *Night* ;
 " Is then *Unlawful Riot* fit to be,
 " The *Great* *Supporter* of my *Church* and *Me* ?
 " Think ye, *Weak* *Men*, *She's* of her *Foes* afraid,
 " Or *wants* th' *Assistance* of your *Feeble Aid* ?
 " When Round her *Throne*, *Seraphick* *VVarriers* stand,
 " And form upon her *Side* a heav'nly *Band* ;
 " When fixt as *Fate*, her deep *Foundation* *Lies*,
 " And *spreads* where e'er my *ANNA's* *Glory* *Flyes* :
 " Think on th' intended *Ruins* of the *Day*,
 " When to *Proud Rome* ye were design'd a *Prey* ;
 " With

" With *wonder* Read those *Fatal* times again,
 " And call to *Mind* the *Melancholly* Scene ;
 " When *down* its *Rapid Stream* the *Torrent* bore
 " Your *Country's* *Laws*, and *Safety* was no more ;
 " *Torn* from your *Altars*, ye were *Forc'd* to roam,
 " In needy *Exile* from your *Native Home* ;
 " 'Twas then, my *Sons*, your *Mighty William* Rose,
 " And bravely fell like *Light'ning* on your *Foes* :
 " With *Royal* Pity, He *Deplor'd* your *Fate*,
 " And stood the *Atlas* of your sinking *State*.
 " VVhen *Sacrifice* on *Idol* *Altars* *Slain*,
 " *Polluted* all the *Isle*, and *Dy'd* the *Plain* ;
 " *Romes* *Mob* of *Saints*, did all your *Temples* fill,
 " And *Consecrated* *Groves*, *Crown'd* ev'ry *Hill* :
 " 'Twas then, *Josiah*-like, that He *Defac'd*
 " Their *Pagan* *Rites*, and lay'd their *Altars* waste ;
 " Drove out their *Idols* from their lov'd *Aboads*,
 " And pounded into *Dust* their *Molten* *Gods*.
 " *Israel's* true *Lord* was to his *Rule* *Restor'd* ;
 " Again his *Name* was *heard*, and was again *Ador'd*.
 "

" Wondring, Ye saw your *Great Deliv'rer* Come,
 " But while he *War'd* abroad, ye *Rail'd* at home ;
 " Dreadfully *Gay* in *Arms*, but *scorn'd* in *Peace*,
 " The *Useless* *Buckler* of *Inglorious* *Ease* ;
 " Oh *Poor*, and *short* *Liv'd* *Glory* and *Renown*,
 " O *false* *Unenvy'd* *Pleasures* of a *Crown* :
 " So soon are all thy *shining* *Honours* fled,
 " *Traduc'd* while *Living*, and *Defam'd* when *Dead* ;
 " *Strange* *Fate* of *Heroes*, who like *Comets* blaze,

" And

" And with a sudden light, the *World* amaze ;
 " But when with fading Beams they quit the *Skies* ;
 " No more to *shine* the wonder of our *Eyes* ;
 " Their *Glories* spent, and all their *fiery* store,
 " We scorn the *Omens*, which We *Fear'd* before.

" My *Royal ANNE*, whom e'ery *Vertue* Crowns,
 " Feels your ill-govern'd *Rage*, nor escapes your *Frowns* ;
 " Your want of *Duty*, ye supply with spight,
 " Traduce her *Councils*, and her *Heroes* flight ;
 " *Lampoon* the mildness of her easie *Sway*,
 " And *sicken* at the light of her Superiour *Day* ;
 " *Poyson* her sweets of *Life* with groundless *Fears*,
 " And fill her *Royal Breast* with *Anxious Cares*.
 " What ! *Such a Queen*, where *Art* and *Nature* joyn,
 " To hit the *Copy* of a *Form-Divine*,
 " Unerring *Wisdom* purg'd the *Dross* away,
 " And form'd your *ANNA* of a Nobler *Clay* :
 " Breathing a *Soul*, in which in *Glory* shone,
 " *Goodness* Innate, and *Vertue* like its own ;
 " *She* knows how far *Engaging* sweetness *Charms*,
 " And *Conquers* more by *Mildness*, than by *Arms* ;
 " Like *Sampson's* Riddle, in the sacred *Song*,
 " A springing *Sweet*, still flowing from the *Strong* ;
 " Like hasty *Sparks*, her slow *Resentment* *Dies*,
 " Her *Rigour* lagging, but Her *Mercy* flies ;
 " Hail *Pious Princess* ! Mightiest of Thy *Name*,
 " Tho' *Last Begotten*, yet the *First* in *Fame* ;
 " Those *Glorious Heroins* we in *Story* see,
 " Were but the *Fainter Types* of Greater *Thee* ;

" Let

" *Let others take a Lustre from a Throne,*
 " *You Shine with Brighter Glories of your Own,* }
 " *Add Worth to Worth, and Dignifie a Crown.*
 " *Of't have I Mark'd with what a Studious Care,*
 " *My Words You Ponder, and my Laws Revere;*
 " *To I hee, Great Queen, what Elogies are Due,*
 " *Who both Protect the Flock, * and Feed the Shepherds too?*
 " *For which, I still Præside o'er thy Allarms,*
 " *And add a shining Lustre to thy Arms;*
 " *I form'd the Battle, and I gave the Word,*
 " *And rid with Conquest on thy Ormond's Sword.*
 " *When Anjou's Fleet yielded its Indian store,*
 " *And at thy Sacred feet depos'd the Silver Oar;*
 " *I sent the Goddess, when Victoria came,*
 " *And rais'd Thy CHURCHILL to Immortal Fame;* }
 " *And Hochstet's bloody Field, Advanc'd the Hero's Name.*
 " *Nor shall thy Glories, or thy Triumphs cease,*
 " *But thy Rough Wars shall Soften into Peace;*
 " *Charles shall from Thee his Diadem receive,*
 " *And shining Pomp, which you alone can give;*
 " *The Gallick Lion list'ning at his Shoar,*
 " *Shall fear to tempt the British Dangers more* }
 " *But Skulk in Desarts, where he us'd to Roar:*
 " *Admiring Worlds before thy Throne shall stand,*
 " *And willing Nations bend to thy Command.*

" *For ye, ye Inveterate Enemies to Peace,*
 " *Whom Kings can ne'er Oblige nor Heav'n can Please;*
 " *Who blindly Zealous into Faction run,*

* Grants to the Clergy.

" And

" And make those *Dangers*. ye'd be thought to shun;
 " For *Shame* the *Transports* of your *Rage* give o'er,
 " And let your *Civil Feuds* be heard no more;
 " To the *Wise Conduct* of my *ANNA* Trust,
 " Know your own *Good*, and to your Selves be *Just*;
 " And when with *Grief* Ye see your *Brother* stray,
 " Or in a *Night of Error* lose his way,
 " Direct his *Wandering*, and *Restore* the *Day*.
 " To Guide his *Steps* afford your *Kindest Aid*,
 " And *Gently Pity*, whom ye can't *Perswade*;
 " Leave to *Avenging Heav'n* his *Stubborn Will*,
 " For, oh, *Remember* he's your *Brother* still:
 " Let *Healing Mercy* thro' your *Actions* shine,
 " And let your *Lives* confess your *Cause Divine*.

Browning, the *Goddess* spoke, and *Strait* withdrew,
 Scatt'ring *Ambrosial* Odours as She flew;
 Her *Trembling Sons* *Immoderately* Scar'd,
 Fled from th' *uneasie Truths*, which *sullenly* they heard.

FINIS.